

SALLY SALTER

Sally Salter was a young teacher who taught  
her friend, Charlie Church, a young preacher  
who prangt.

(Though his enemies called him a screacher who  
sang.)

His heart, when he saw her, kept striking, and sunk,  
And his eyes, meeting hers, kept striking, and sunk.  
With love, in her turn, felt it striking, and sunk,  
And he loved her, and she loved him, and they loved.

He listened to woe her, and sweetly he grooved,  
For his love grew until it a mountain it grewed,  
And what he was longing to do, he dood.

The next he wanted to speak, then he spoke—  
To seek with his lips what his heart had long spoke,  
So he managed to let the truth look, and it spoke.

He asked her to ride to the church, as they rode,  
And in sweetly did glide that she thought they glode,  
Till they came to the place to ride, and there tole.

Then "homeward," he said, "I let drive," and they  
drove;  
And as soon as they wished to arrive, they arrived;  
For whatever she could not contrive, he contrived.

The kin he was dying to steal, then he stole;  
At this feat he was longing to kneel, then he knole;  
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fore."

So they to each other kept clinging, and clung,  
While Time in swift current kept winging, and winged,  
And what was the thing he was bringing and bring.

The man Sally wanted to catch and had caught—  
That she wanted from others to snatch and had snatched,  
Was the one she now liked to scratch, and she scratched.

So Charlie's warm love began frequenting, and true,  
And he grew slow to teasing, and crusty to true,  
The girl he had loved to be squeezing, and squeeze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave  
him, and left,  
"Hut could you deceive me, as you have deceived?"  
And she answered, "I promised a closer, I've  
kept."

**THE TELL-TALE CHIMNEY.**

A Romantic Story of the Youth of  
Count Andrusky's Father.

It was the time of the vintage in Mad.  
The sun shone brightly, and the air was  
lately, but this much I can gather, that a delicious  
vibe was made from the grapes which grew on the  
great slopes of Mad, and, besides that, there was  
a mineral spring of sulphur water in this otherwise un-  
interesting spot, and the people of the country, for these two  
facts are all I know of the Mad of to-day.

Well, then, it was at the time of the vintage—a  
very important time in Mad, as even the neighboring  
market-town of Taky could not produce such ex-  
cellent wine. The vintage in Hegyalja is a national  
festival, and the people of the country, from the  
from the Jempler and Zipser countries, but from  
all the neighboring countries, come to the vintage,  
offering thanks to kind fate, and rendering hon-  
ors to the noble gods of the country. The Hungarians  
are a race-loving people. Bands of brotherly  
gypsies have made up, and all the world, familiar  
to their sons and fathers, and all the world, familiar  
as with their "Gypsies," a national dance, with its  
peculiar and passionate rhythm. It is not only at the  
years that the people on both sides of the Tisza have  
found of dancing to the contrary, but they have  
more so before the Western European civilization  
generated, by means of railways and highways, in-  
to the sacred home of the Takyans. In those days  
the people of the country, from the Jempler and  
Zipser countries, but from all the neighboring coun-  
tries, were so numerous that graves would come with their  
wives and daughters over fifty miles to participate in  
the festival.

The story opens at the ball, on the third day of  
the festival in the Taky. The sun was shining at  
behind the blue-green tops of the vine-covered moun-  
tains, and night approached, but the ball-room was  
as bright as day, illuminated by numerous wax-  
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**ALL BRISTLES NOT WIRES.**

*Dr. J. Chapman, the Mayor of Stratford—President of the Bristol and Gloucester Association: "July, 1881. I have used your electric brush in a few minutes, and it is an excellent brush, and worth the price paid from its excellent power. Rev. Dr. Bridgman writes from Birmingham, N. Y.: "Never before gave a favorable opinion, but am selling to encourage the use of an honest remedy. I recommend it, and my wife bought a present for her mother-in-law, for her headache." Geo. Thibault, Mayor of Montreal, writes: "Rep. E. 1881. This is my first trial of your brush, and I find it very effective. The brush has entirely stopped the falling hair, and I have started a new growth. I use it for Dandruff? I would like to change. Several persons have bought and used them for headaches, and they have never failed to cure them in about five minutes. They ponder me it with the result. This is directly true and given by me voluntarily. Satisfaction!" An infallible remedy for curing dandruff in five minutes."*

*British Medical Index.*

Out of a mass of letters from persons who edited we have selected three from people of some prominence; and can say sensible person think for a moment that men of position and wealth would deliberately sit down and write falsehoods for our benefit, or that we would dare publish fabrications over their signatures and addresses? With us liberty to give letters receive from senators, judges, lawyers, doctors, ladies, and gentlemen whose names are known in the highest circles in Europe and America, the readers of this paper would be astonished at the numerous cures of Falling Hair, Baldness, Headaches, Neuralgia, etc. this brush has effected.

Now, reader, are you bald or afflicted with Dandruff, Falling Hair, or Premature Graying? Are you troubled with any kind of Headaches or Neuralgia? Do you wish to ward off and prevent these ailments? No doubt you daily own hair brush. Why not try this one? If you are not satisfied with it you may return it. The brush is made of a beautiful material resembling black ebony, handsomely carved and filled with the best bristles (not wires), which immediately acts upon the hair glands, follicles, and hair, in ways doing good, never any harm, it should be used daily, in place of the ordinary brush. There is no shock or sensation whatever in using this brush. The price is \$2.00 each, and no better brushes can be found anywhere. If you wish to try it, please send us that amount and we will promptly forward it post-paid, on trial. Should you wish to return it, first write us and we will send back the money. If we fail to keep this promise, the publisher is authorized to return the money to you and charge the amount to us. Is not this fair? When all advertisers offer these honorable terms, they will show proper faith in their remedies and the public will be quick to respond. We cannot do more than to invite your confidence, and hope you will give us a trial. If you prefer, you can obtain it on the same terms from any drug or Fancy Store, but never so safely, and so that Dr. Scott's draught refuses to let you leave it on these terms (which we authorize others, draft, currency, or stamps, payable to **GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York**, and mention this paper).

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